

GOLD
KEY

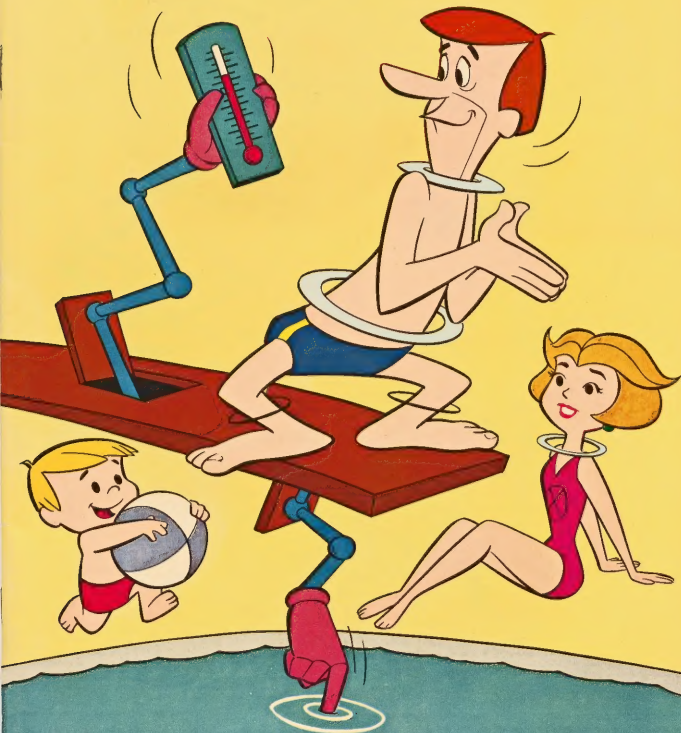
THE JETSONS

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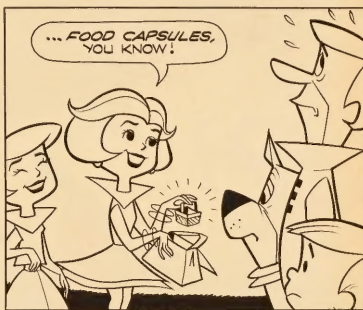
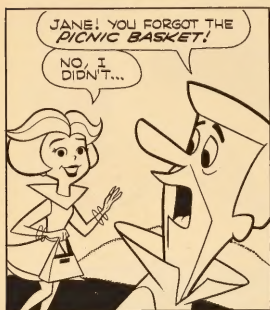
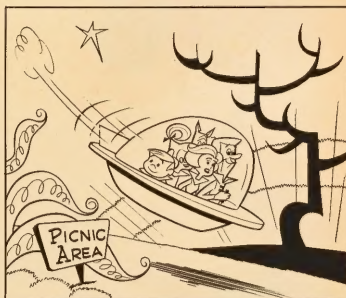
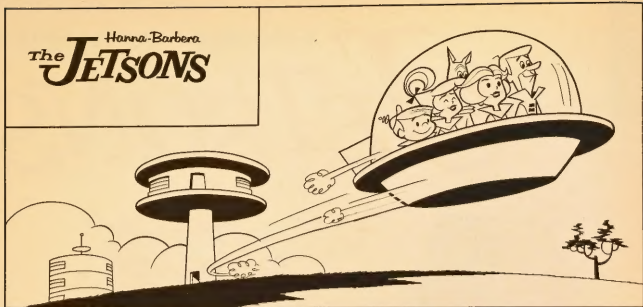
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HANNA-BARBERA

The JETSONS

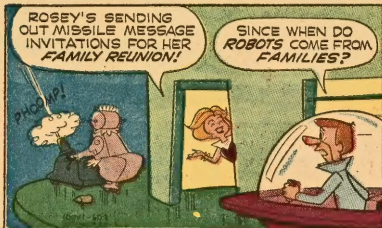
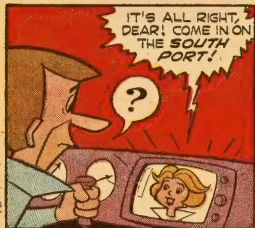
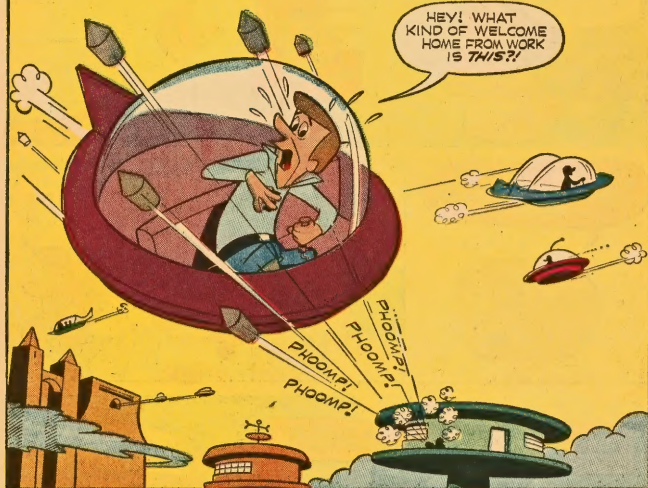


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The JETSONS



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THE ROGUE ROBOT



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SILLY! IT'S A FAMILY REUNION FOR ALL THE ROBOTS TURNED OUT AT THE ROBOT FACTORY WITH THE SAME *BATCH SERIAL NUMBER* AS ROSEY'S!

GOOD OLD
BATCH P24!
:BEEP!:

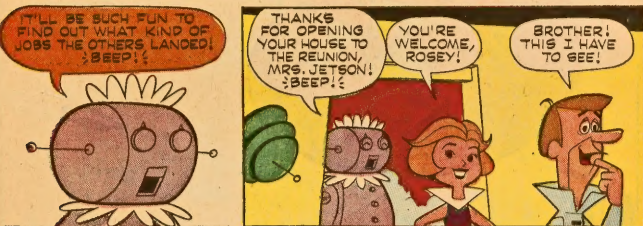


IT'LL BE SUCH FUN TO
FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF
JOBS THE OTHERS LANDED!
:BEEP!:

THANKS
FOR OPENING
YOUR HOUSE TO
THE REUNION,
MRS. JETSON!
:BEEP!:

YOU'RE
WELCOME,
ROSEY!

BROTHER!
THIS I HAVE
TO SEE!



AND SO...THE BIG NIGHT ARRIVES...

SOME
ROLL
IN...

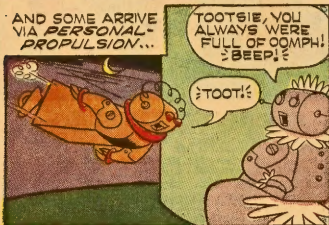
OTHERS COME BY
SAUCER-TAXI...



AND SOME ARRIVE
VIA *PERSONAL-
PROPULSION*...

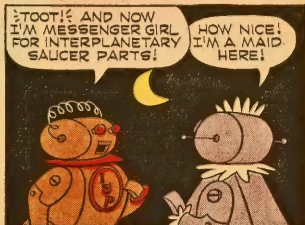
TOOTSIE, YOU
ALWAYS WERE
FULL OF OOMPH!
:BEEP!:

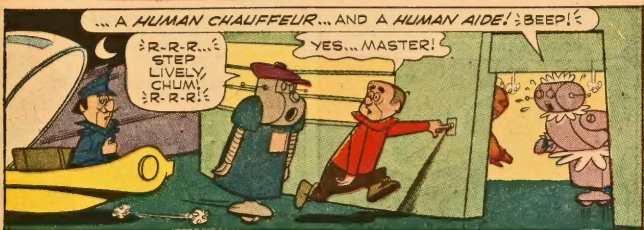
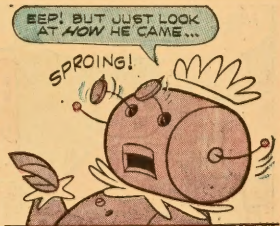
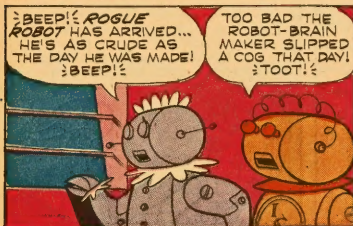
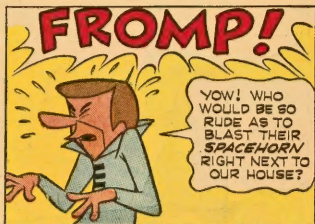
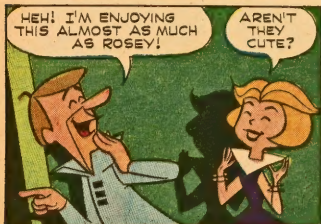
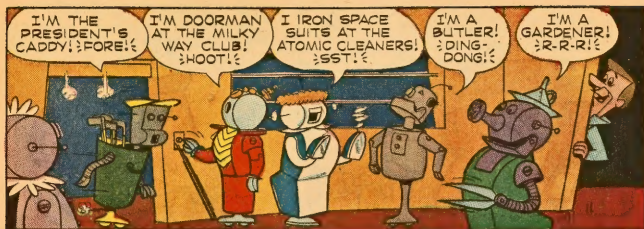
:TOOT!:

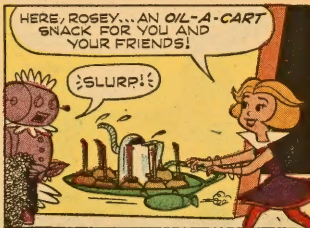
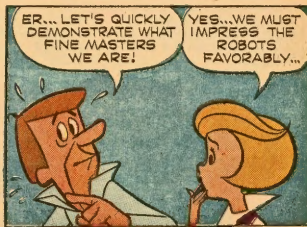
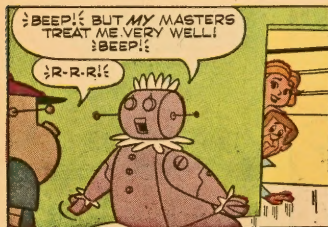
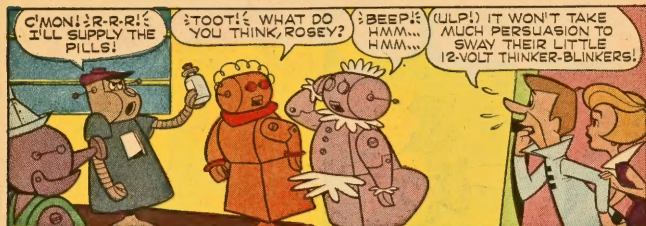


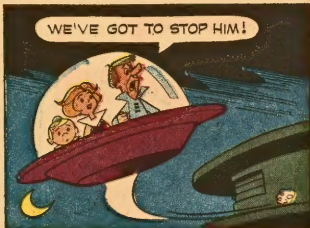
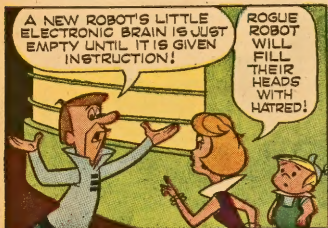
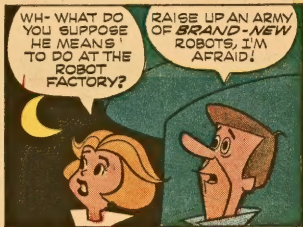
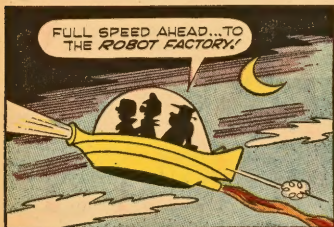
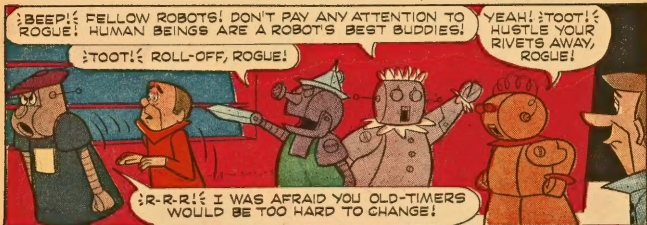
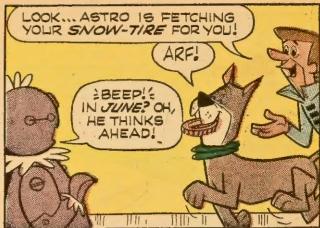
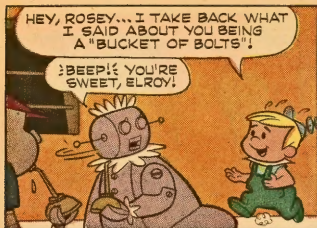
:TOOT! AND NOW
I'M MESSENGER GIRL
FOR INTERPLANETARY
SAUCER PARTS!

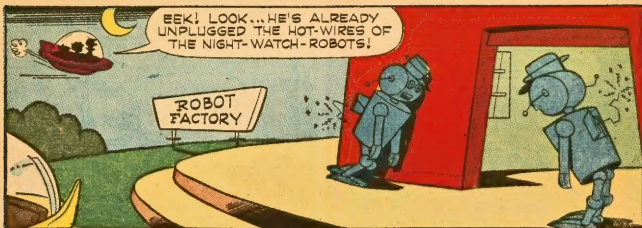
HOW NICE!
I'M A MAID
HERE!





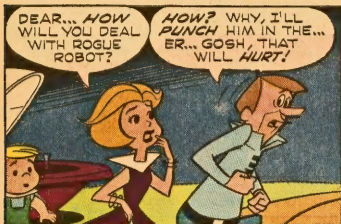






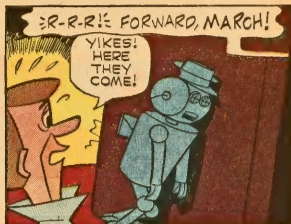
EEEK! LOOK...HE'S ALREADY
UNPLUGGED THE HOT-WIRES OF
THE NIGHT-WATCH-ROBOTS!

ROBOT
FACTORY



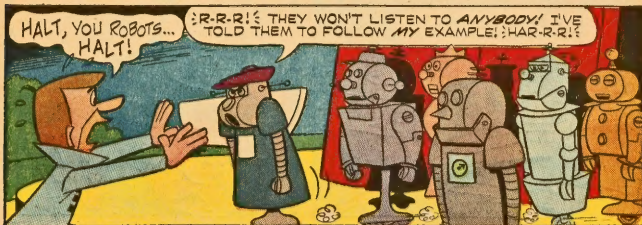
DEAR... *HOW*
WILL YOU DEAL
WITH ROGUE
ROBOT?

HOW? WHY, I'LL
PUNCH HIM IN THE...
ER... GOSH, THAT
WILL HURT!



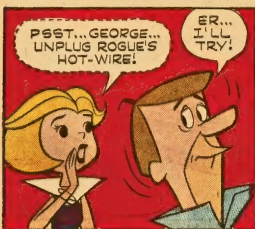
:-R-R-R!:- FORWARD, MARCH!

YIKES!
HERE
THEY
COME!



HALT, YOU ROBOTS...
HALT!

:-R-R-R!:- THEY WON'T LISTEN TO *ANYBODY*! I'VE
TOLD THEM TO FOLLOW *MY* EXAMPLE! :-HAR-R-R!:-



PSST...GEORGE...
UNPLUG ROGUE'S
HOT-WIRE!

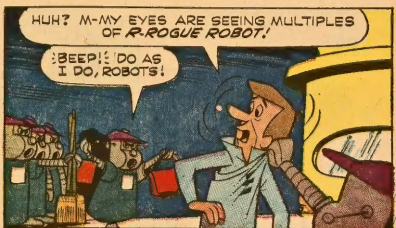
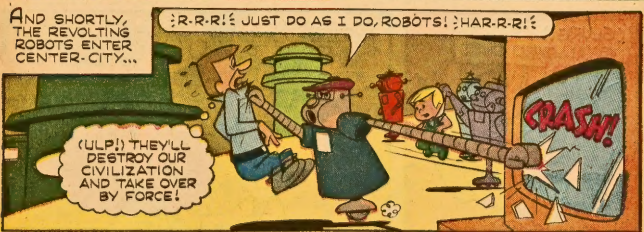
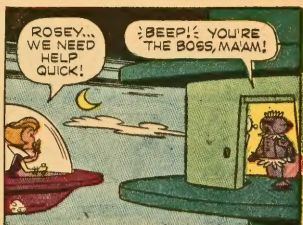
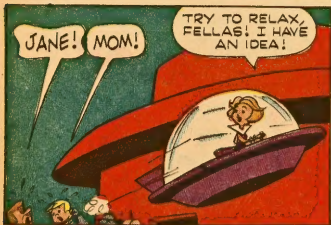
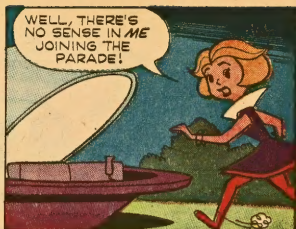
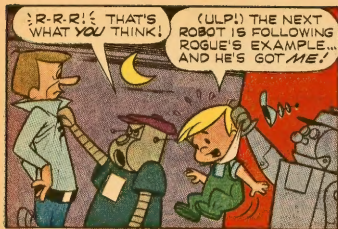
ER...
I'LL
TRY!

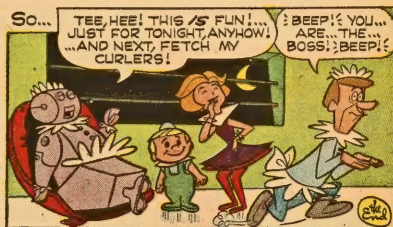
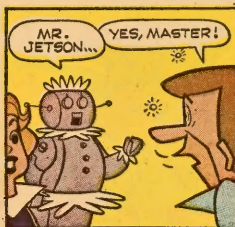
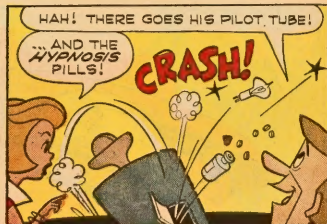
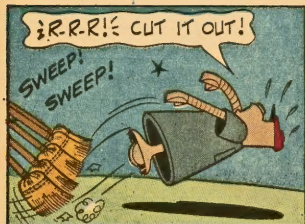


UGH! H-HE'S GOT ME
IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP!

:-R-R-R!:-

NICE WORK,
DAD! NOW
I'LL OPEN
HIS HATCH!



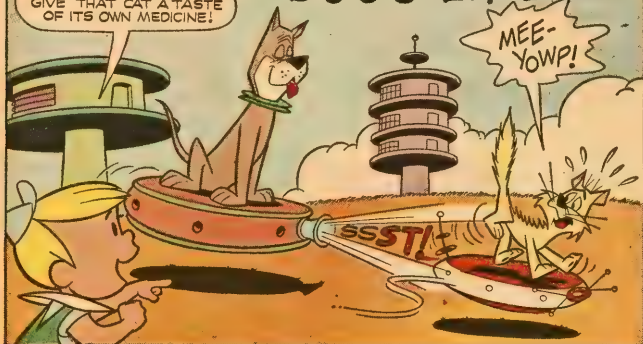


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The JETSONS

DIGGING A DOG'S LIFE

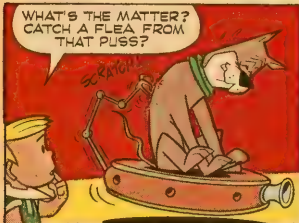
'ATTA BOY, ASTRO...
GIVE THAT CAT A TASTE
OF ITS OWN MEDICINE!

MEE-
YOWP!



WHAT'S THE MATTER?
CATCH A FLEA FROM
THAT PUSS?

SCRATCH!



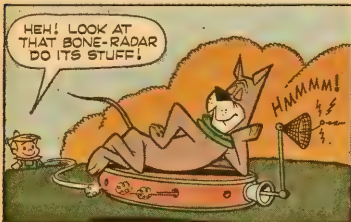
WELL, HERE'S A
LITTLE REWARD
FOR YOU!

ARF!

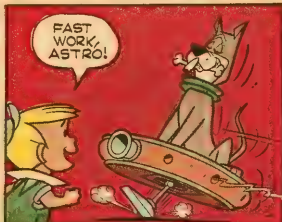


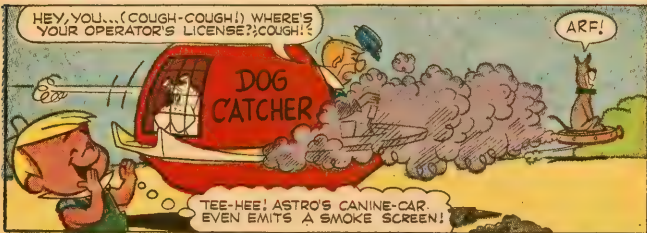
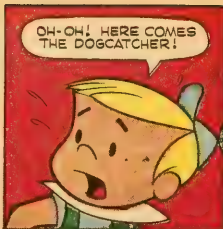
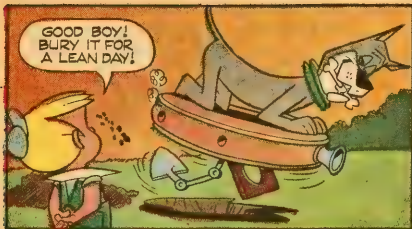
HEH! LOOK AT
THAT BONE-RADAR
DO ITS STUFF!

HMMMM!



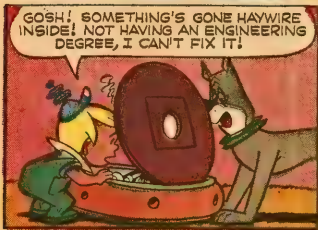
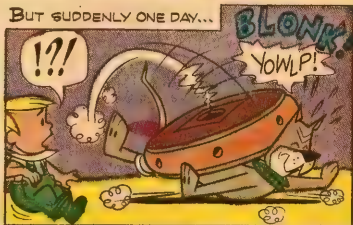
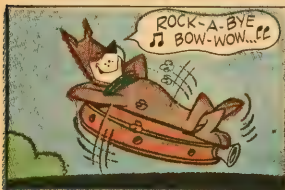
FAST
WORK,
ASTRO!





AND SO IT GOES...ASTRO LEADS
A MODERN DOG'S LIFE...

BUT SUDDENLY ONE DAY...



BUT
WHEN
DAD
GETS
HOME...

OH-NO...ITS SACRO-ELECTRO-MANIAC NEEDS
REPLACING! THAT'LL COST \$150 ...EVEN AT
THE DISCOUNT MART!

WOW!

YAP!

LAST MONTH ITS
CLUTCH BROKE... BEFORE
THAT A SNOOP-TUBE
BLEW...

IT'S ALL
A PART OF
THE HIGH COST
OF CANINES,
DAD!

OH, YEAH? WHEN I WAS A BOY
IT WAS DIFFERENT... AT MOST A
DOG ONLY HAD A REVERSIBLE
SWEATER!

TIMES HAVE
CHANGED!

OH-OH...OH-OH!

NOW
WHAT?!

ARoooo!

POOR ASTRO... HE HAS AN ITCH!

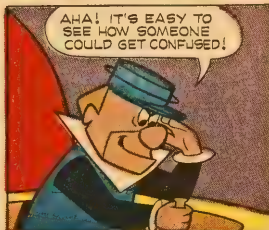
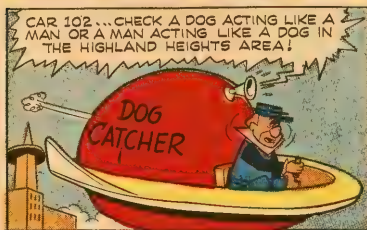
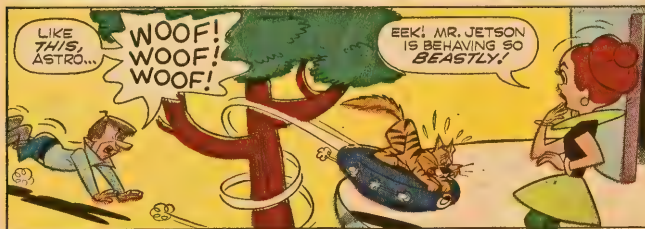
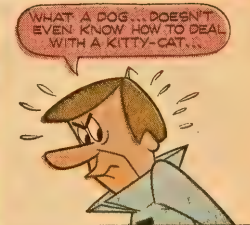
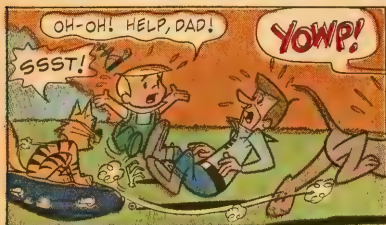
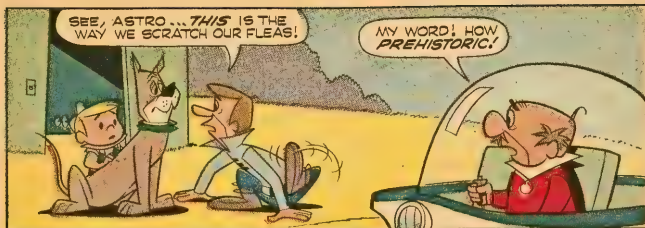
AWK! DON'T LOWER
YOURSELF TO DO
THAT, ELROY!

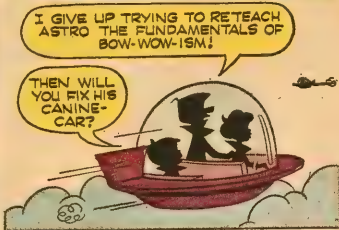
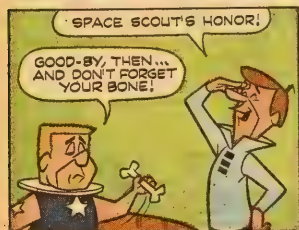
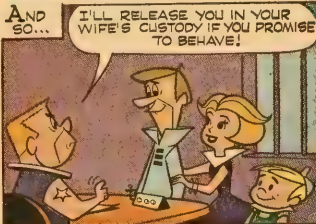
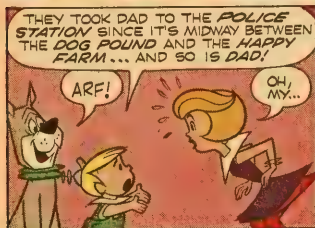
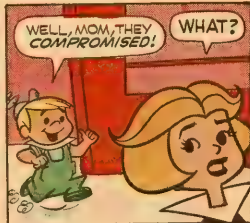
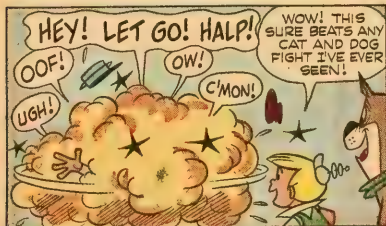
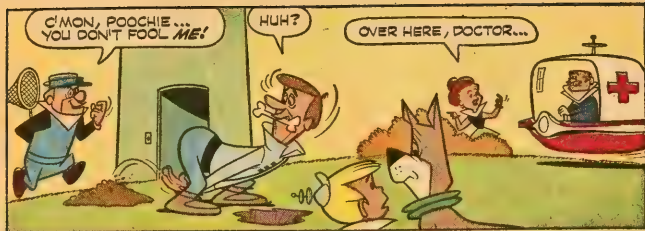
SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!

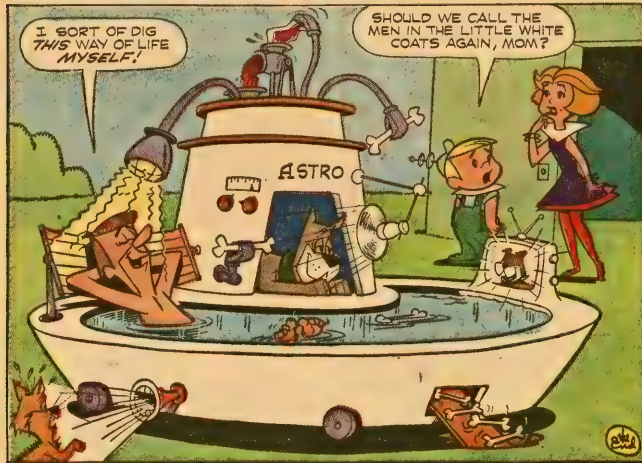
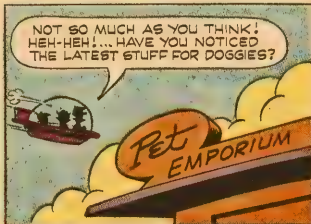
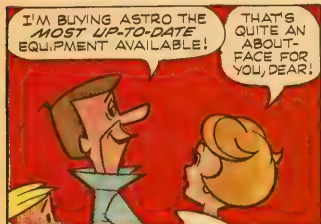
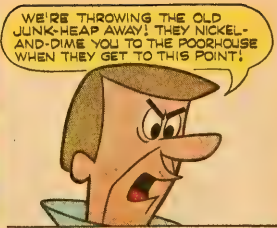
BUT HOW CAN I *REACH* THE ITCH IF
I DON'T *LOWER* MYSELF TO IT, DAD?

I MEAN IT'S *ABOVE*
YOUR *DIGNITY*, SON!

IT'S TIME OUR DOG
LEARNS HOW TO *ACT*
LIKE A DOG AGAIN,
ELROY!







HOME, DISMAL HOME



"You know, dear, I think we should take a vacation . . . a little trip somewhere," said Goonda to her husband J. Evil Scientist.

"Shucks, my pet, why should we do that?" J. Evil asked. "We have everything we want in this cold, windy old castle of ours."

"I know. It's perfect, but even the best things in life become dull after too long; besides it has been over a hundred years since we toured America," she replied.

Since J. Evil wanted his wife to be happy, he agreed to go, but only after he had used a few well-chosen words to let her know how he expected to find the new world.

"I'm sure things are as dull as they were when we were there last, just Indians and cowboys, both fighting! Stage coaches just bumping over rough roads . . . probably nobody has gotten smart enough to use brooms for travel! There'll be no comfortable beds like our nail-studded ones! No icy winds to chill the rooms like we have blowing here in our castle. Nothing will be like it was then, and no comforts like we have here!"

"You're a darling to explain things to me," beamed Goonda. "Let's go!"

They jumped aboard their two-passenger broom and sailed out into the sun-lit sky.

"Bah!" grumbled J. Evil. "We should have left at night. If there's anything that can ruin a vacation, it is sunshine!"

"Cheer up!" cried Goonda. "We might run into a storm any minute now!"

However, they did not run into a storm; nor did a cloud cross their way. After some

time, even Goonda began to wonder if they had done the right thing. Of course, she said nothing to her husband, for after all he was doing this just to please her.

Then J. Evil remembered something.

"You recall that perfectly awful road we used to fly over . . . the one where the stage-coaches bumped along, and how we laughed at the misery of the people cooped up in such boxes?" he joyfully exclaimed. "Well, we're going to revisit that place!"

When they reached their destination, they couldn't find the old road, for in its place stretched a modern highway. And on the super road, cars streamed along in orderly lines.

"What's the world coming to?" exclaimed J. Evil. "Imagine that, people riding in coaches without horses. You'd have thought they'd have taken to broom-flying. It is a lot less crowded up here!"

Then J. Evil had another idea. "Let's go to the old battleground and see if the Indians and settlers are still fighting.

When they found the battleground, they were heartened by the sight of many people.

"Look!" cried Goonda. "They are fighting! Just look at that battle."

"Fighting is right, but look at what they are fighting over!" gasped J. Evil. "That is an out-door rummage sale, and they are all fighting over the rummage. That proves that people haven't changed!"

Tired and weary, the J. Evil Scientists checked into a motel, hoping to rest for the night. However, everything in the room was so comfortably uncomfortable that they could not sleep. As J. Evil was about to board his broom to head home, Goonda pulled him back, saying, "Wait dear! You are too tired to travel. Besides, I know how to fix this place so you can rest."

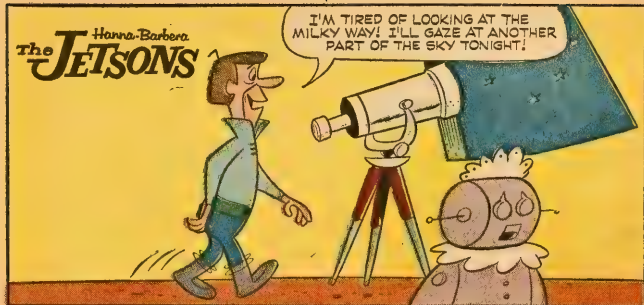
She turned the air-conditioner up full-blast, to cold, and then she tore the covers from the innerspring mattresses and pulled loose the ties. The result was not exactly the same as nail-studded beds, but it was the next best thing.

As they drifted off to sleep, Goonda exclaimed, "Thank you, dear, for showing me how the world hasn't changed."

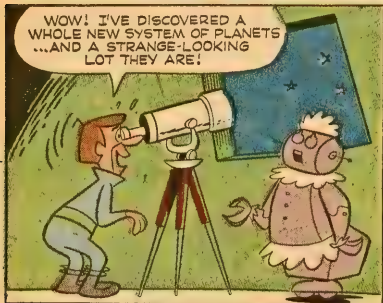
And he replied, "Thank you, my smart wife, for showing me that we can have our own dismal home with us, even when we travel!"

Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS

I'M TIRED OF LOOKING AT THE MILKY WAY! I'LL GAZE AT ANOTHER PART OF THE SKY TONIGHT!



WOW! I'VE DISCOVERED A WHOLE NEW SYSTEM OF PLANETS ...AND A STRANGE-LOOKING LOT THEY ARE!



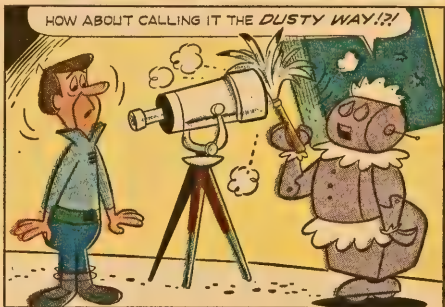
HUNDREDS OF THEM! I WONDER WHAT I SHOULD NAME THIS NEW GROUP OF PLANETS...



BEEP!
BEEP!



HOW ABOUT CALLING IT THE *DUSTY* WAY!?!?



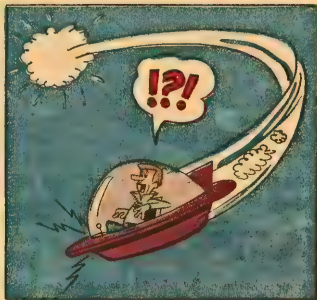
Hanna-Barbera

The JETSONS

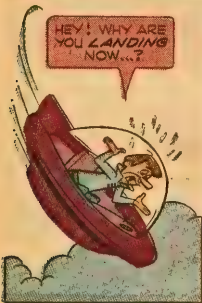
ONCE THE AUTOMATIC PILOT IS SET
I CAN RELAX AND FORGET ABOUT DRIVING...



...IT DOES
EVERYTHING!



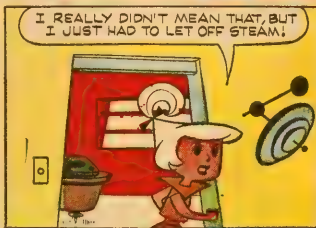
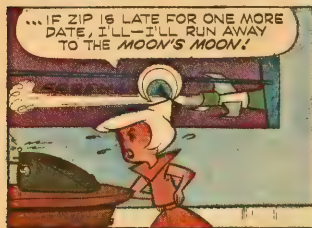
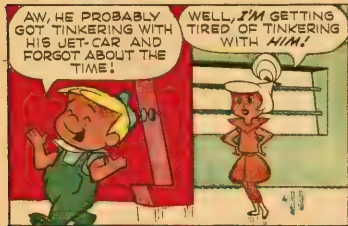
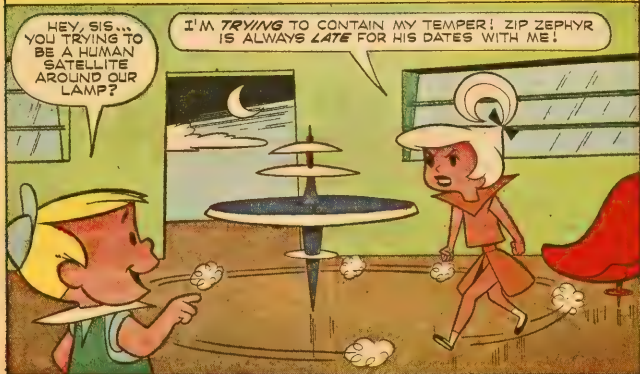
HEY! WHY ARE
YOU **LANDING**
NOW...?

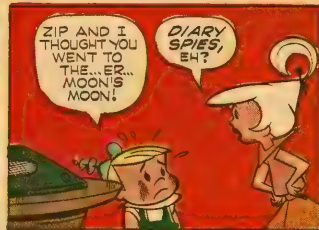
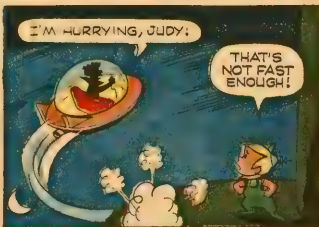
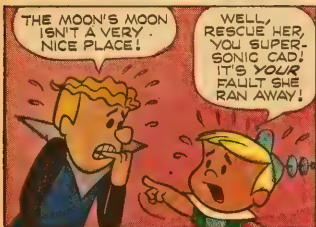
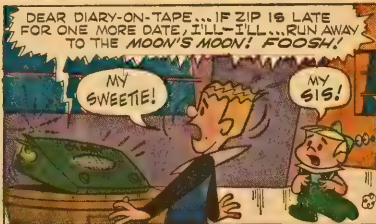
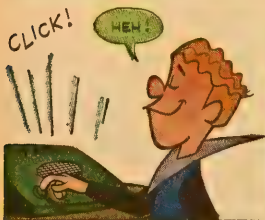
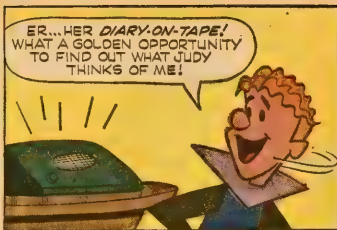
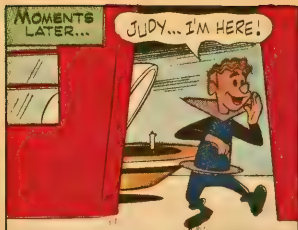


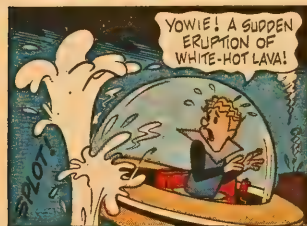
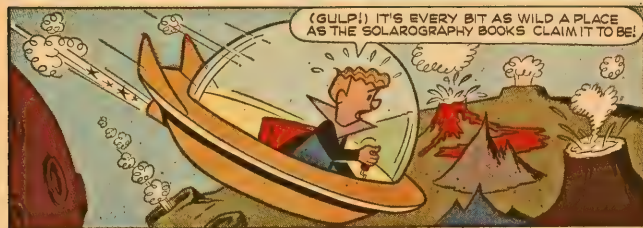
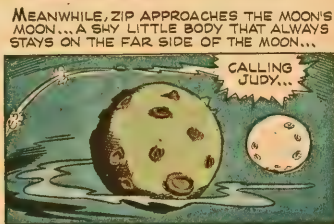
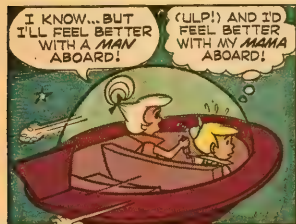
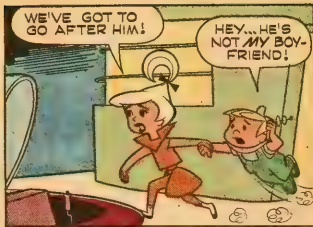
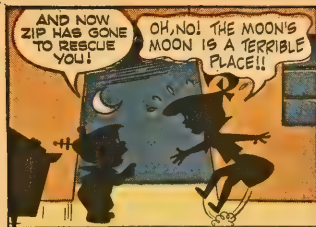
YOU FORGOT TO BUY
FUEL, STUPID!

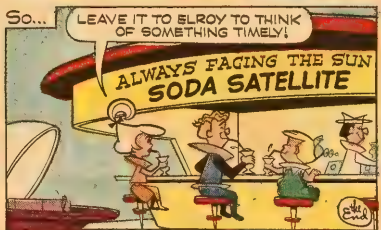
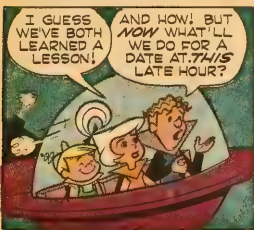
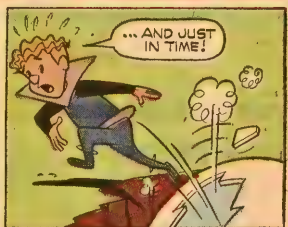
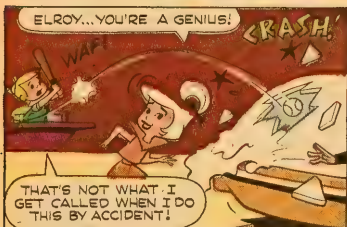
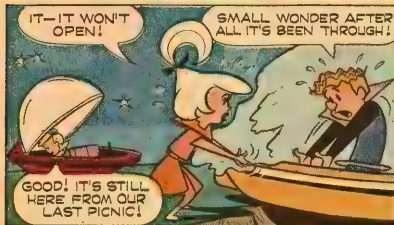
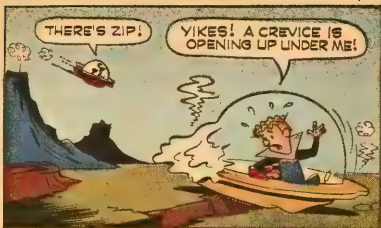
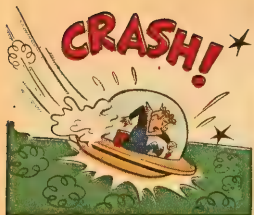


Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS *THE WILD MOON CHASE*







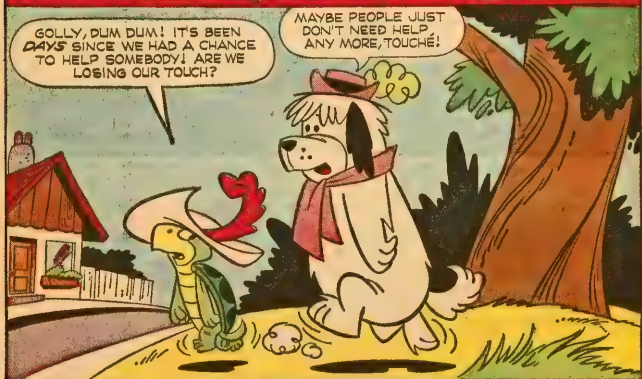


Hanna-Barbara

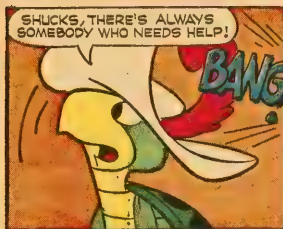
TOUCHE and DUM DUM THE RESCUE BIT

GOLLY, DUM DUM! IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE WE HAD A CHANCE TO HELP SOMEBODY! ARE WE LOSING OUR TOUCH?

MAYBE PEOPLE JUST DON'T NEED HELP ANY MORE, TOUCHE!



SHUCKS, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEBODY WHO NEEDS HELP!



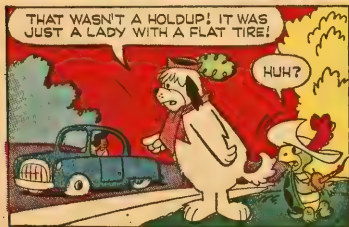
SEE? SOUNDS LIKE A HOLDUP OR SOMETHING OVER THIS WAY! TO THE RESCUE!

WAIT!

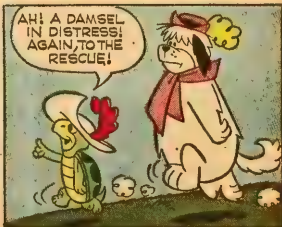


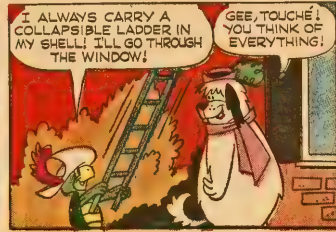
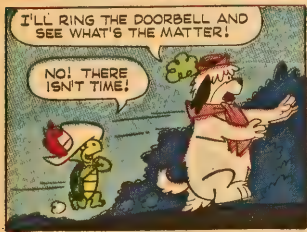
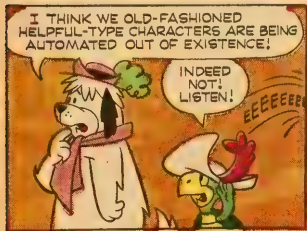
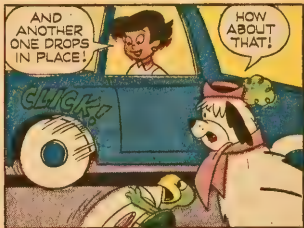
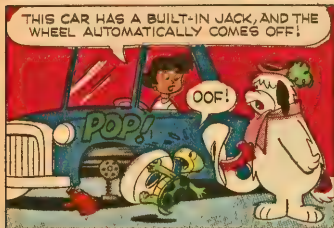
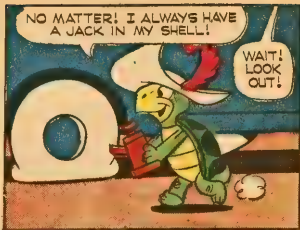
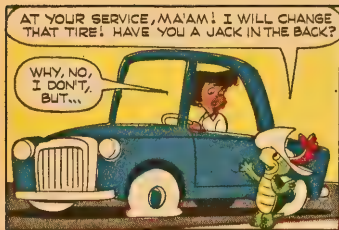
THAT WASN'T A HOLDUP! IT WAS JUST A LADY WITH A FLAT TIRE!

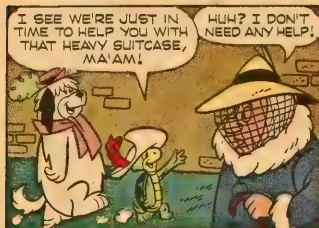
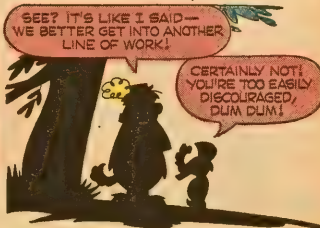
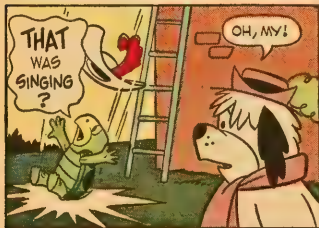
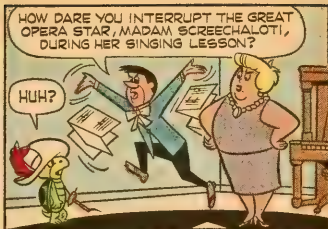
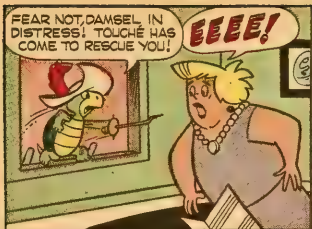
HUH?

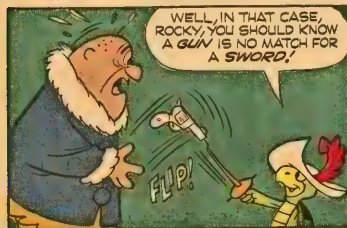
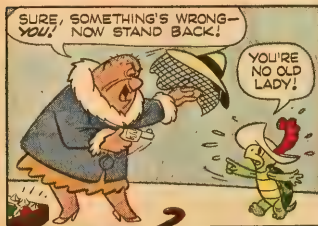
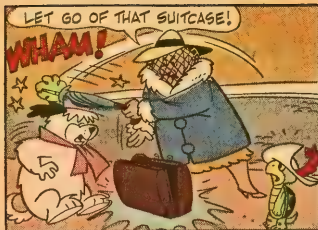


AH! A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS! AGAIN, TO THE RESCUE!

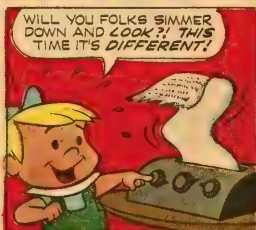
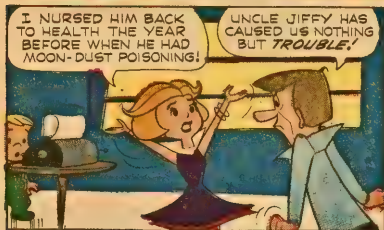
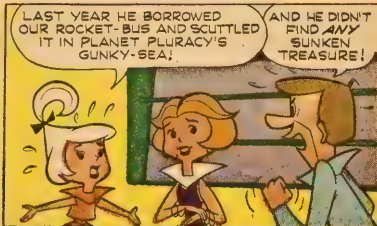
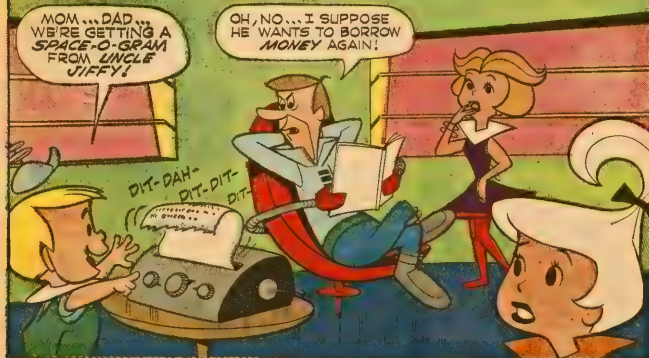


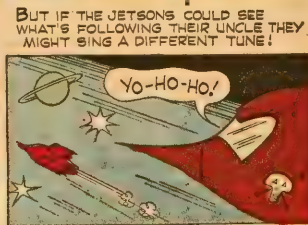
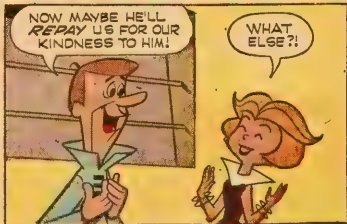






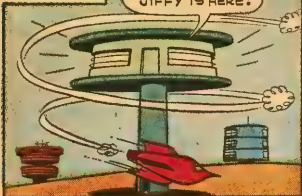
A JAM FROM UNCLE





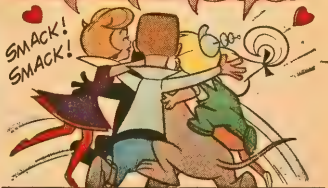
SHORTLY...

YAY! UNCLE
JIFFY IS HERE!



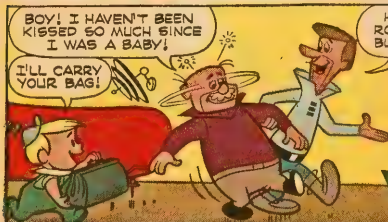
WELCOME BACK TO EARTH, UNCLE JIFFY!

SMACK!
SMACK!

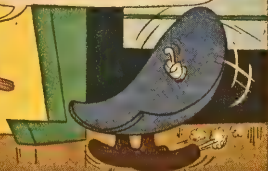


BOY! I HAVEN'T BEEN
KISSED SO MUCH SINCE
I WAS A BABY!

I'LL CARRY
YOUR BAG!

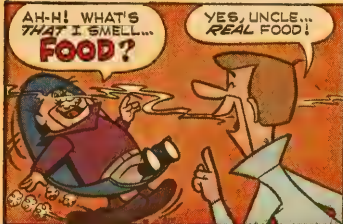


HERE... SIT IN MY RETRO-
ROCKETING EASY CHAIR WITH
BUILT-IN BACK SCRATCHER!

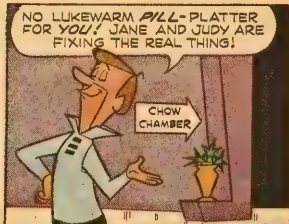


AH-H! WHAT'S
THAT I SMELL...
FOOD?

YES, UNCLE...
REAL FOOD!

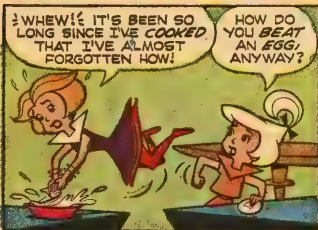


NO LUKEWARM *PILL*-PLATTER
FOR YOU! JANE AND JUDY ARE
FIXING THE REAL THING!



WHEW! IT'S BEEN SO
LONG SINCE I'VE *COOKED*
THAT I'VE ALMOST
FORGOTTEN HOW!

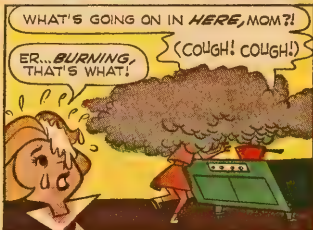
HOW DO
YOU *BEAT*
AN *EGG*,
ANYWAY?



WHAT'S GOING ON IN *HERE*, MOM?!

ER... *BURNING*,
THAT'S WHAT!

(COUGH! COUGH!)

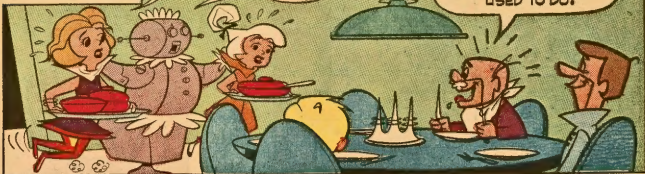


FINALLY, WITH
SOME HELP
FROM ROSEY...

D-DINNER
IS SERVED!

BEEP!
BEEP!

MMM! JUST LIKE
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMA
USED TO DO!



AND AFTERWARDS...

EVEN **ASTRO**
IS CATERING TO
UNCLE JIFFY,
DAD!

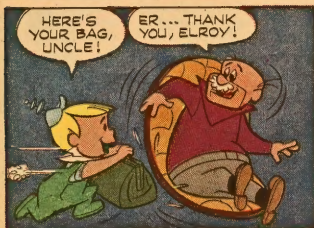
MY SLIPPERS!
HOW GENEROUS
OF OUR DOG!

WELL, KIDDIES... NOW I
WANT TO REPAY YOU FOR
THE YEARS OF LOVE
AND MONEY YOU'VE
GIVEN ME!

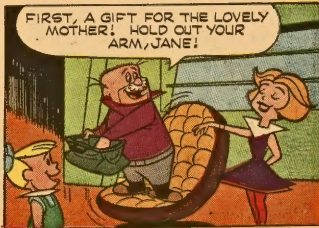


HERE'S
YOUR BAG,
UNCLE!

ER... THANK
YOU, ELROY!

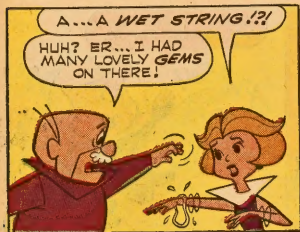


FIRST, A GIFT FOR THE LOVELY
MOTHER! HOLD OUT YOUR
ARM, JANE!



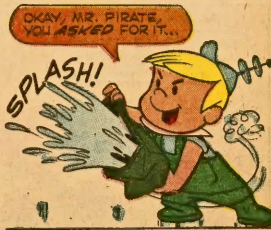
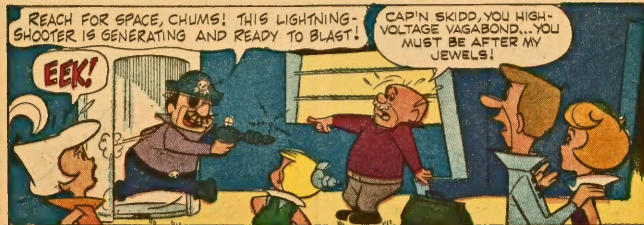
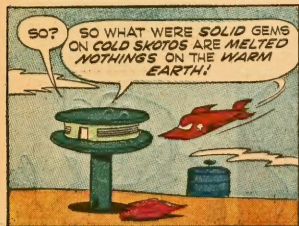
A...A WET STRING!?!

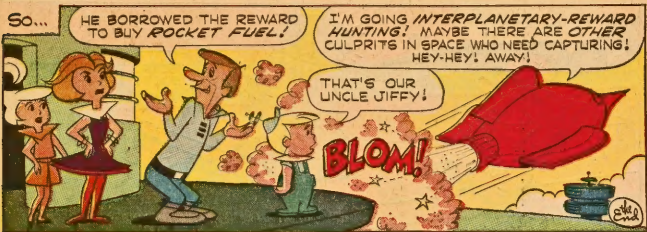
HUH? ER... I HAD
MANY LOVELY **GEMS**
ON THERE!



TH-THE WHOLE
BAGFUL OF JEWELS
IS NOW LIQUID!







Hanna-Barbera
**ROSEY
THE ROBOT**

